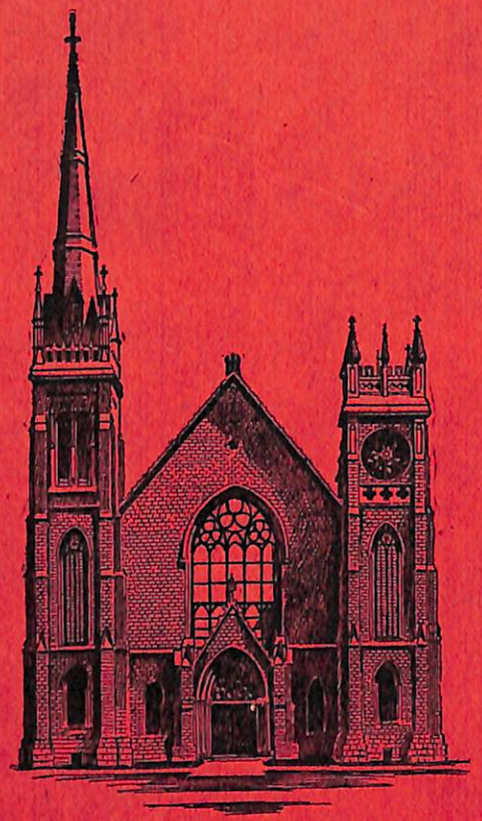
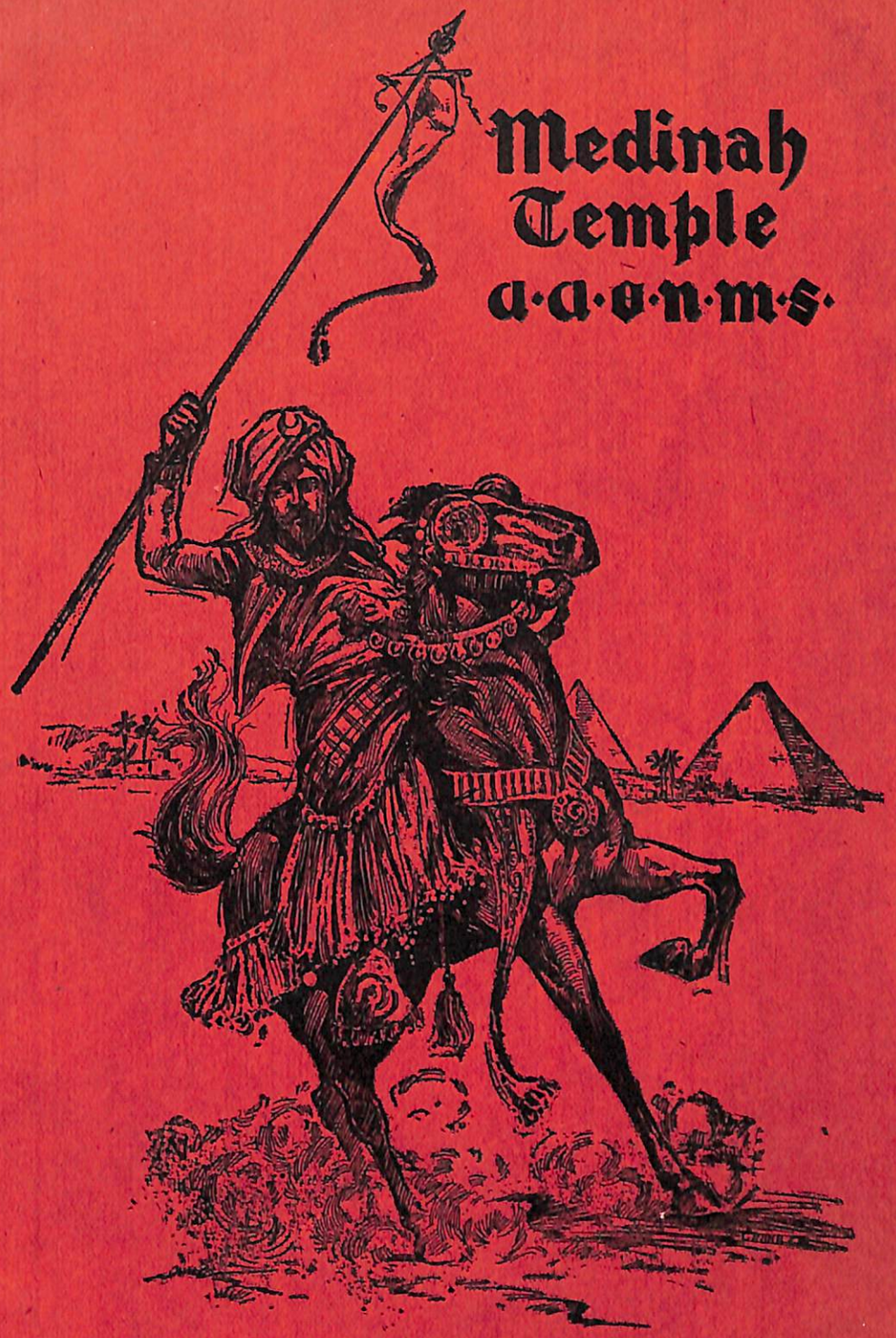


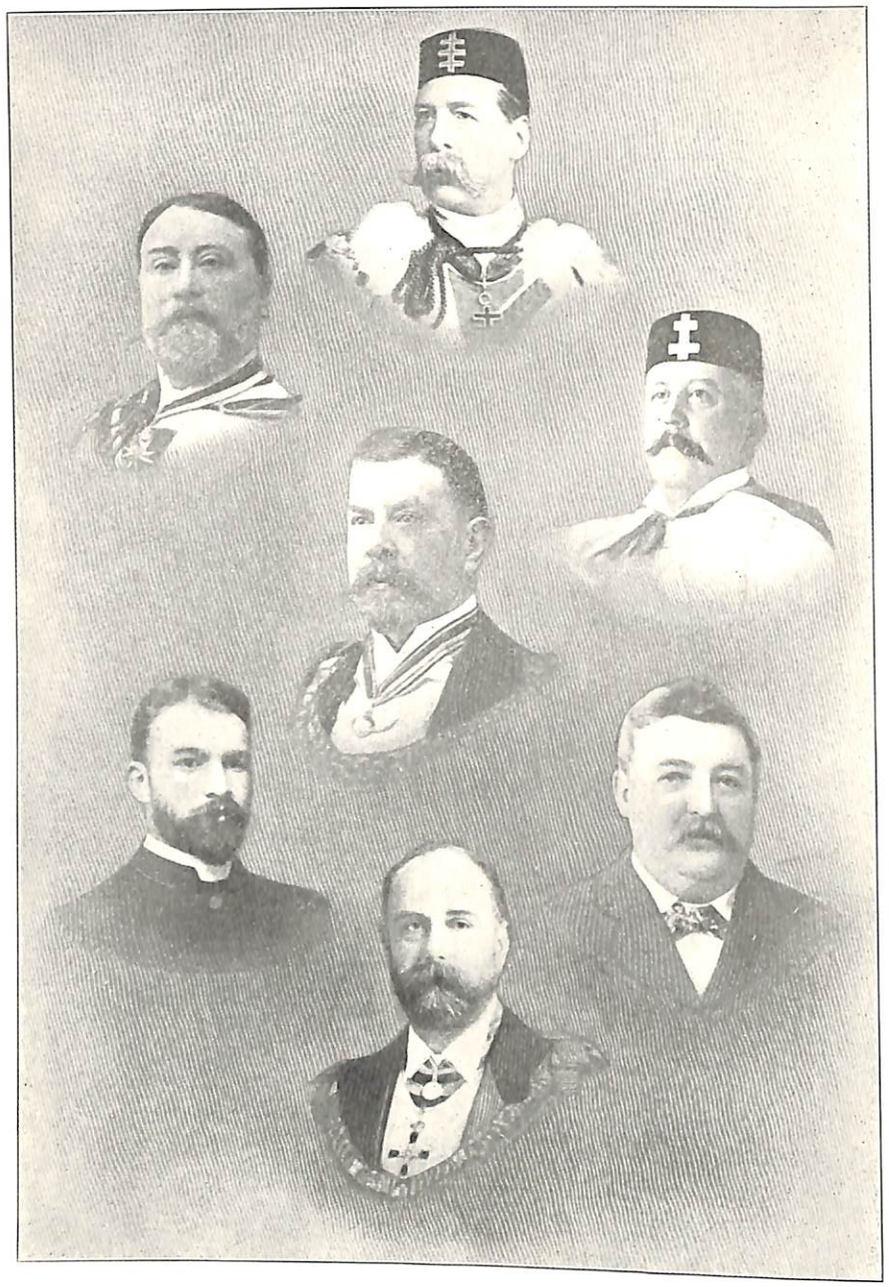
Medinah's New Temple

Medinah Temple

A·A·O·N·M·S·



Oasis of Chicago ✠ Illinois Prairie



Medinah's Guests, Thursday, August 25, 1904

RT. HON. THE EARL OF EUSTON, M. E. AND SUPREME GRAND MASTER
CHARLES FITZGERALD MATIER
ALFRED JAMES THOMAS
THOMAS FRASER
REV. CHARLES E. L. WRIGHT
THOMAS P. DORMAN
ABRAHAM WOODIWISS

Medinah Temple

ES SELAMU ALEIKUM

YAWMOO'L-KHAMEES, 3RD DAY, 6TH MONTH,
JAMAZ UL AKHIR, HEGIRA 1322

CORRESPONDING WITH

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1904

IN MEMORY OF

KA'B-IBN-MALEEK

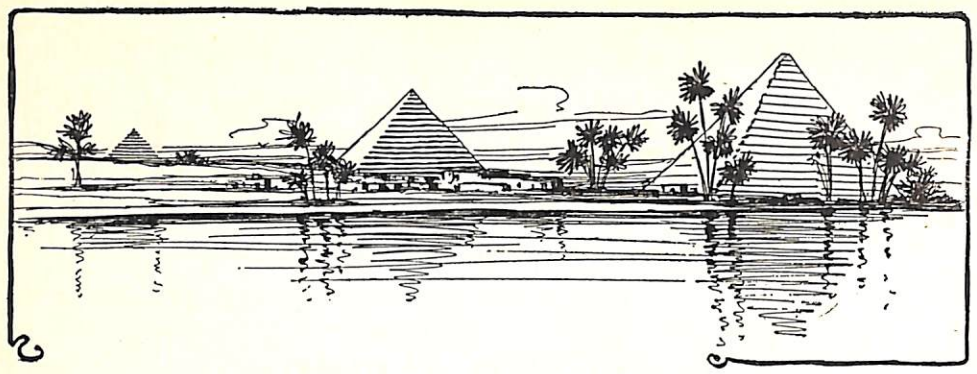
A COMPANION OF THE PROPHET (WHOSE NAME BE PRAISED) AND A CELEBRATED VERSE WRITER

REMEMBER

YAWMOO'L-QEEYAMAH

THE DAY OF STANDING UP

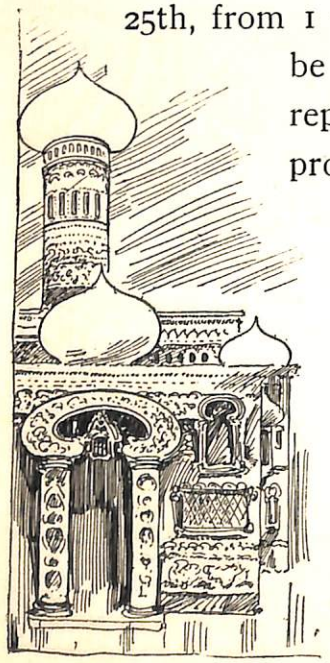
"Ye had in the Apostle of Allah a good example for him who hopes for Allah and the Last day, and who remembers Allah much."
—KORAN, soorah xxxiii, 21.



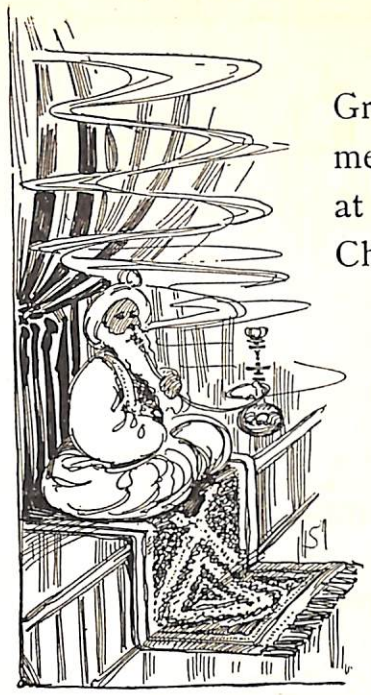
ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLE, ATTEND!

BUSINESS AND CEREMONY. Stated Session of Medinah Temple for business and ceremony will be held at Medinah's new home, corner Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place, on Thursday evening, August 25, 1904. The business session will begin promptly at 6:30 o'clock, and the caravan will start for Mecca at 7:30.

CANDIDATES WILL REPORT. The candidates will report at 293 Dearborn Avenue, one door south of Medinah's Building, Thursday afternoon, August 25th, from 1 to 5 o'clock. Those who are unable to be there between the above hours must report at 6:30, as the camels will move promptly at 7:30. Members are requested to see that the candidates are fully informed concerning these arrangements.

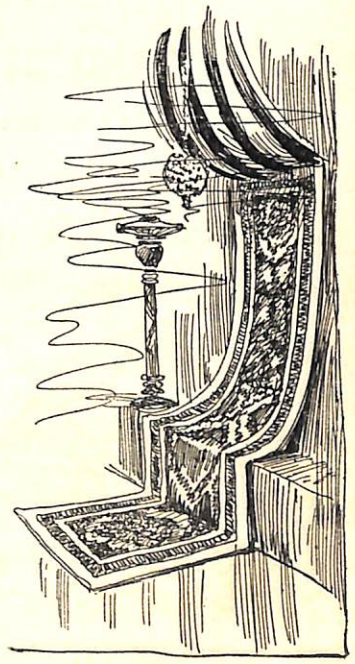


THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND. We will have among the novices some prominent Masons of England who have been honored by the State and by the Fraternity. They will represent the Grand Priory of England at the meeting of the Grand Encampment at San Francisco, and will remain in Chicago long enough to receive the Ceremony of the Mystic Shrine in Medinah Temple.

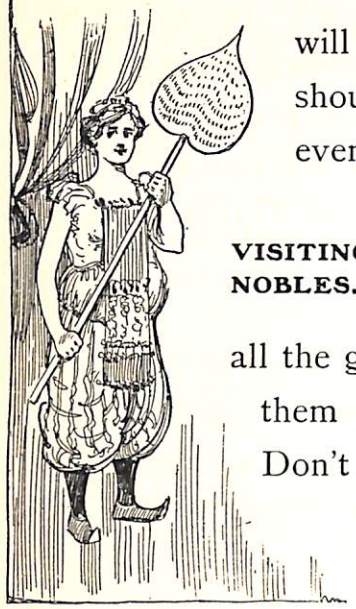


ADVANCE FEE FOR CEREMONY. The committee to whom was referred the amendment to the By-Laws raising the fee for Ceremony to $50.00, and the fee for membership to $5.00, will make their report, and then the members will be called upon to decide the matter. This is an important piece of legislation for the Temple, and should receive careful and conscientious consideration from the members.

ORIENTAL FEAST. An Oriental Repast will be served in the lower hall from 9 o'clock, consisting of dates, figs, salt and other delicacies imported direct from the Orient and served in true Oriental style. Let there be no sad hearts on this joyous occasion.



SPECTACULAR ENTERTAINMENT. After the ceremonial session and full justice done in the banquet room, a musicale, terpsichorean and spectacular entertainment of a high character



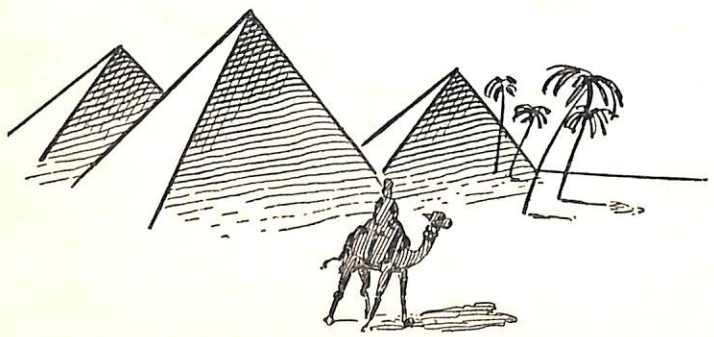
will be given in the upper hall. Nobles should remain and enjoy this part of the evening's festivities.

VISITING NOBLES. Visiting Nobles are cordially invited to meet with us and enjoy all the good things we have. We will guarantee them a good time and an Arab's greeting. Don't forget your **Green Card,** as it is imperative that you show it at the outer gate. A word to the wise is no josh.

Remember The meeting will be held on **THURSDAY EVENING,** August 25th (not Friday). Business at 6:30. Ceremonial at 7:30. The caravan moves on time. Nobles are urgently and respectfully requested to wear dress suits, Fez and claws. We have said it.

SAMUEL H. SMITH, - ILLUSTRIOUS POTENTATE
HARRIS W. HUEHL, - - CHIEF RABBAN
JAMES B. McFATRICH, - ASSISTANT RABBAN
WILLIAM JOHNSTON, - - - RECORDER

190-192 FIFTH AVENUE.



Has it Ever Happened to You?

JUST at this time I am experiencing the peculiar sensations incident to the exit of the fellow who, though innocent, is to hang on circumstantial evidence. To know that you are a close second to the unborn babe, and yet wear the crown of thorns of lascivious guilt—to fairly reek with moral rectitude and yet stand before judge and jury as a convicted, corn-fed outcast—has it ever happened to you?

By favor of friends who doubtless fancied I might reform, I am a Shriner. Somehow the impression has gotten out since among the fellows with the fez that I am likewise a Pauncey DeChew, in consequence of which facetious fallacy I have in late years made frequent pilgrimage to neighboring oasis in the capacity of purveyor of super-heated ozone—the which when prayerfully administered to the patient under about a three-bottle pressure has not, thus far, proved fatal. For quite a while Mrs. Bill seemed to be proud of her post-prandial papa, and would sorter swell up every time a bouquet came his way; but a series of startling disclosures leading up to a fearsome and mysterious finale has, I may say, recently materially modified her views as to the advisability of his further participation in these festive occasions. Three invisible hairpins and a side-comb which she found in my suitcase on my return from a Rawlins soirie two years ago comprised the entering wedge of her discontent, if I remember right—doubtless shed by a chambermaid while taking an inventory of my trousseau with intent to swipe, although the sickly smile with which I offered this explanation and disclaimed all knowledge of the lady who left the legacy didnt appear to entirely satisfy her. About a year

Where did they come from?

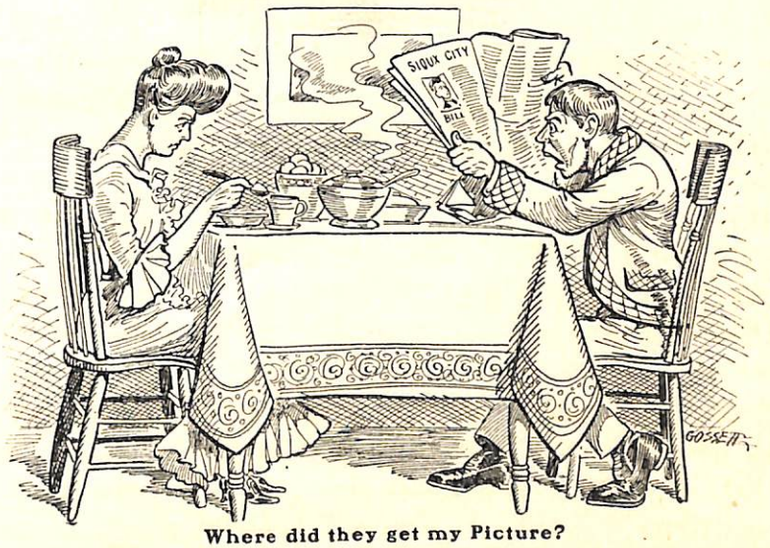
later I went to Deadwood to hand the Black Hills boys a bunch, and on my return Mrs. Bill dug up a silk stocking and a gold-clasp garter out of my lingerie. Then she began to get gay—so did I. She insisted that no lady would wear silk hose with a hole in the heel—so did I. She examined the gold clasp and pronounced it cheap gilt—so did I. It was a week before she would let me hold her hand. The Rawlins boys asked for the second barrel last February, and got it. Profiting by past experience my war-sack was emptied on the floor and carefully repacked the morning I left, and yet Im derned if I didnt take home a quartette of out-size cotton hose of passionate hue, and a pair of articulated pillow-shams which would easily accommodate a 400-pound fairy. That giddy old grip had been side-tracked somewhere, either after I left my room or en route. Mrs. Bill passed em up with the contemptuous comment that theyd evidently loitered long on the way since leaving the laundry; but I could tell by the love-light which shone in her dear eyes that a man whose name need not be mentioned here was skating on mighty thin ice. In April last I went down to Denver and jollied up about 500 El Jebels at their annual banquet. My deportment while there was that of a perfect lady, as the deacons of the church I stopped at can testify; but my blamed baggage went wrong, as usual. In lieu of the modest and unassuming nightie with which yours for health left home, Mrs. Bill found in my telescope on my return a short-sleeved, baby-ribboned and be-frilled peek-a-boo affair—a garment unnecessarily abbreviated at each end and positively shocking in both architectural conception and structural detail. Something didding at our house—well I guess yes! Suffice it to say that I finally fixed it, though Im not telling how much time and linguistic tissue it took! Recently I made a trip to Omaha—my trunk protected this time by burglar-proof hinges and

Wouldn't this jar your Temper?

hasp and a trustworthy time-lock—and to my great relief the contents thereof checked out to a pint of cider and cotton socks on my return a week later. The heretofore meek and lowly Bill here began to sit up and take notice—wasnt his little lovey-dovey ashamed of herself and her outrageously absurd suspicions, and would she ever presume to doubt him again? Innocence and virtue such as his should be recognized and rewarded; would she please write out, instanter, a formal apology—not necessarily for publication but that the neighbors might know? I had the little girl goin some all right, when a Sioux City paper drifted in containing a page write-up of a Shrine ceremonial in that city—held during the week I was presumed to be in Omaha, dyemoind—wherein appears my own mug in all its half-tone hideousness, and beneath it a quarter-column send-off for the Sagebrush Philosopher who is alleged to have been present and participating, "accompanied by his charming wife."

Something Didding at our House.

While our present relations are somewhat strained, yet Im working the wireless overtime and hope for the best. Meanwhile, I violate no confidence in whispering into your ear, dear, that Mrs. Bill has sure soured on the Shrine.—From *Sagebrush Philosophy*.



Where did they get my Picture?